Fri. Thou fond mad man, heare me a little ſpeake,
Ro. O thou wilt ſpeake againe of baniſhment.
Fri. Ile giue thee armour to keepe off that word,
Aduerſities ſweet milke, Philoſophie,
To comfort thee though thou art baniſhed.
Ro. Yet baniſhed? hang vp Philoſophie,
Vnleſſe Philoſophie can make a *Iuliet*,
Diſplant a Towne, reuerſe a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.
Fri. O then I ſee, that mad men haue no eares.
Ro. How ſhould they, when wiſe men haue no eyes.
Fri. Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.
Ro. Thou canſt not ſpeake of that thou doſt not feele,
Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy loue,
An houre but married, *Tibalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed,
Then mighteſt thou ſpeake,
Then mighteſt thou teare thy haire,
And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the meaſure of an vnmade graue.

Nurſe knocks.

Fri. Ariſe, one knocks, good *Romeo* hide thy ſelfe,
Ro. Not I, vnleſſe the breath of heart-ſicke grones
Miſt-like infold me from the ſearch of eyes.

Knocke.

Fri. Harke how they knocke (who's there) *Romeo* ariſe,
Thou wilt be taken (ſtay awhile) ſtand vp.

Knocke againe.

Run to my ſtudie (by and by) Gods will,
What ſimpleneſſe is this: I come, I come.

Knocke.

Who knocks ſo hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Enter Nurſe.

Nur. Let me come in, and you ſhall know my errand:
I come from Lady *Iuliet*.
Fri. Welcome then.
Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,

Where's my Ladies Lord, where's *Romeo*,
Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.
Nur. O, he is euen in my Miſtreſſe caſe,
Iuſt in her caſe. O wofull ſimpathy:
Pitious predicament, euen ſo lyes ſhee,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand vp, ſtand vp, ſtand and you be a man,
For *Iuliets* ſake, for her ſake riſe and ſtand:
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deepe an O:
Rom. Nurſe.
Nur. Ah ſir, ah ſir, death's the end of all.
Rom. Spakeſt thou of *Iuliet*? how is it with her?
Doth not ſhee thinke me an old murtherer,
Now I haue ſtaynd the child-hood of our ioy,
With blood remoued, but little from her owne?
Where is ſhee? and how doth ſhee? and what ſayes
My concealed Lady to our canceld loue?
Nur. Oh, ſhee ſayes nothing, ſir, but weeps and weeps,
And now fals on her bed, and then ſtarts vp,
And *Tibalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cryes,
And then downe falls againe.
Rom. As if that name ſhot from the deadly leuell of a gun,
Did murther her, as that names curſed hand
Murdred her kinſman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may ſacke
The hatefull manſion.
Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cryes out thou art:
Thy teares are womaniſh, thy wild acts denote
The vnreaſonable furie of a beaſt:
Vnſeemely woman in a ſeeming man,
And ill beſeeming beaſt in ſeeming both,
Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy Order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temperd.
Haſt thou ſlaine *Tibalt*? wilt thou ſlay thy ſelfe?